

James H Winslow

UNDERTAKER AND EMBLATER.

ALL WORK FIRST CLASS. TERMS MOST REASONABLE

TWELFTH AND R STREETS, N. W.

James H. Dabney

FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

Hiring, Livery and Sale Stable.

Carriages hired for funerals, parties, balls, receptions, etc. Horses and carriages kept in first-class style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Business at 1132 Third street northwest. Main office branch at 222 More street, Alexandria, Va. Telephone for Office, Main 1727.

Telephone call for Stable, Main 1428-5. "OUR STABLES IN FREEMAN'S ALLEY, Where I can accommodate 30 Horses. Call and inspect our new and modern stable. J. H. DABNEY, Prop., 1132 Third Street N. W. Ph 4, Main 3200. Carriages for Hire.

W. Sidney Pittman Architect

RENDERING IN MONOTONE, WATER COLOR AND PEN & INK. PATENT DRAWINGS. DRAFTING, DETAILING, TRACING. BLUE PRINTING. STEEL CONSTRUCTION A SPECIALTY. Phone: Main 5059-M. Office 404 Louisiana Ave., N.W.

THE MAGIC IS TWO TIMES LARGER THAN PICTURE-IT IS 9 IN LONG. STEEL HAIR DRYING BAR. THE MAGIC SHAMPOO DRIER AND HAIR STRAIGHTENER. MAILED ANYWHERE IN U.S. \$1.00. POSTAGE PAID. SEND MONEY BY POST OFFICE MONEY ORDER. Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a MAGIC. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff, and it will straighten the curly hair of the head. The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the steel heating bar which irons the hair, is alone, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas heater. The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the bar is heated the comb goes back into place and is held by a turn of the handle. The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier \$1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater \$0.50. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today. Magic Shampoo Drier Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Is Your Hair Beautiful Soft, Silky and Long? Does it comb easily without breaking? Is it straight? Does it smooth out nicely? Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, so it will stay, and make you proud of it? Is it long and full of life? If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need Nelson's Hair Dressing. NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes it healthy. It keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that charm so longed for by all true ladies. Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume. Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or at right down and write us. Address NELSON MANUFACTURING CO., Richmond, Va. Live Agents Wanted. Write Quick for Terms.

HOLTMAN'S OLD STANE FINE BOOTS AND SHOES 491 Penn. ave., N. W. OUR \$2.50 AND \$3 SHOES ARE THE BEST MADE. SIGN OF THE BIG BOOT. WM. MORELAND, PROP.

J. A. PIERRE Orders Delivered Promptly J. A. PIERRE Wholesale and Retail Dealer in COAL, WOOD AND ICE 454 New York Avenue, N. W.

LA RODRICKER 1531 14th Street, N. W. French Dressmaking Ladies' Tailoring Gentlemen's Repair Work Neatly Done Fine Laces Carefully Cleaned MLE. R. E. BELL

DROPPED IN AT RIGHT TIME

Burglar's Oppo-tune Visit Enabled Woman to Rid Herself of Much Undesirable "Truck."

The burglar hesitated. Back of him was a sheer drop of 25 feet to the ground. In front of him was a determined woman, grasping in her hand a huge revolver. She covered him steadily.

"I won't shoot," she said, "if you will remain still." She advanced upon him and poking the muzzle of the gun in his face reached into his pocket and pulled out his revolver.

"Come in," The burglar obediently stepped inside the room. All his courage was gone.

"Sit down," said the woman. He sat down.

She got a huge ball of cord from her bureau and spent the next 20 minutes in tying him up.

Then she pointed out of the window. "Is that your wagon out there behind the barn?"

"Yes, ma'am."

The woman called her husband, who was hiding behind the baby's crib in the next room.

"Here, John," she said, "take some of this furniture out."

John came in and got to work. The burglar watched with curious eyes.

Suddenly his face blanched. He looked out of the window and saw in the light of the moon what John was carrying.

"What are you doing to me?" he asked. The woman began cutting his cords.

"I'm going to load you up with all of the old eyeglasses that we have had in the house for these many years," she said, merrily—"all the furniture presented to us at Christmas by kind-hearted relatives, all the prizes we have taken at card parties, all the family portraits—everything that we have been simply dying to get rid of."

Life.

Good Turn by the Ol' Clo' Man.

"That old clothes man back on the corner just now saved me the price of a new suit," remarked a young business man yesterday, on his way down Euclid avenue past the old Arcade.

"Nope. Guess again. I didn't sell him anything and I haven't any idea of buying a suit of second-hand clothes from him. But until I walked by him just then I was of the opinion that I would have to lay aside this last summer's suit I've been wearing and pay forty or fifty dollars for a new one."

Now I've changed my mind. That fellow on the corner asked me: 'Got any ol' clo's to sell, mister?' I told him I didn't, and our conversation ended right there. But it was enough. He wouldn't ask a seedy-looking man if he had any old clothes for sale, would he? Naturally he'd think a shabbily-dressed person was wearing about the only clothes he owned and wouldn't want to part with those. The ones these old clothes people like to deal with are the dressy ducks—the boys that get a new suit every little while and dispose of the old ones for little or nothing. He must have thought I was that sort. So I judge this suit must stack up pretty well. I'll just make it do this summer for every day and take that forty or fifty dollars out of one pocket and put it in another."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Poor Boy's Opportunity.

Once more we realize that our resources, our true resources of strength and of greatness, are not to be sought for in mine or field, but reside in man. When we take account of these resources, we find one more impressing upon us that we are not to look exclusively to the favorite dome of exceptional opportunity, to sheltered childhood, to youth blessed with extraordinary advantages, to those upon whom fortune has smiled and who are led along the paths of life with constant counsel and ready inspiration. But we must take all America within our view—the homes of the poor, the unfortunate, those who seem thrust aside from the fair avenues of opportunity, those upon whom it would seem a blight had rested at the very beginning of their career. Probably today in some lowly home, where there is the hardest work to achieve even a decent support, where some little lad is looking out on life apparently without a chance, is the future leader of the great people of this nation.—Governor Hughes of New York, in Leslie's.

He Liked Life Term Best.

He was one of Magistrate Gallagher's "regular" prisoners. His ready tongue had generally contrived to get him off with a reprimand, but one day the magistrate, holding the scales of justice from the desk in the fifteenth and Vine streets police station, decided to take severer measures.

"You'll take the pledge or go to the house of correction," he told the apparently penitent prisoner. "Which?"

"Pledge for life," said the man.

"Well," said the magistrate, leniently, "better make it for a year first. Then you can renew it."

"Oh, that's all right," the prisoner remarked, cheerfully. "I always take it for life."—Philadelphia Times.

Always Late.

They had gone to a theater at eight and found it empty. The people strolled in about half after, and by nine the house was filled.

The next night they went to a club dinner at seven, and the diners arrived at half after eight and nine.

It was the same at a five-o'clock tea that did not start until seven.

"I believe," he said, "that these New Yorkers would come in late to their own funerals."—New York Press.

MODERN IDEAS IN TURKEY

Medical Practitioners Are No Longer Rigorously Excluded from the Harem.

The attitude of the hanoums to medical practitioners has changed much of recent years. Twenty or 30 years ago no Turkish woman would ever have submitted to a physical examination by a doctor. All he could have persuaded her to do would be to show him her tongue through a rent in the yashmak or let him touch her pulse from behind a heavy curtain and in presence, of course, of an argus-eyed eunuch or old female slave.

Any attempt to apply a stethoscope to the chest would have been spurned as an impertinent presumption of western "barbarism." No matter how severe the illness the medical man could not go beyond certain strict limits of Islamic usage and traditional custom. Even in cases of imminent danger to life these scanty limits were never allowed to be overstepped, and the belief in the incantations of a priest and the house remedies of old, ignorant and superstitious women held unlimited sway and was always greater than the faith in the efficacy of medical skill and science.

This is now changing, and changing rapidly. There are of course still many exceptions where antiquated views and conceptions are fanatically adhered to and practised, but these become rarer and rarer with each advancing year. Many Turkish women will now when ill voluntarily call on a medical practitioner and never hesitate to submit themselves to a thorough physical examination.

The general public opinion on these matters among the Turks is fast altering for the better and only in very rare cases is there now any difficulty at all raised as to letting the hanoum submit to an examination with stethoscope or other instrument.

Life.

What's It Like to be in the chorus?

"Perfectly fascinating!" thinks the shopgirl as she measures off another yard of percale and pictures herself in pink tights.

"Awful!" remarks the prima donna with a look of disgust that forbids all reference to her own days among the spear carriers.

"Remunerative," suggests the cynic, recalling the inexhaustible supply of Pittsburgh millionaires ready to thrust riches upon the airy little fairies of the ballet.

"Dangerous," urges the moralist, with his mind on stage entrances and champagne suppers.

"Impossible!" snaps the woman in society.

"A foothold on the ladder to fame," declares the manager, wisely.

"Great!" says the chorus girl. That is translating freely into her own language.

It's great if she happens to be in right with an easy berth in a good company. But if she's lashed to a bum outfit where she has to hustle to corral three squares a day, it's rotten.

Women Get Wireless Fever.

Women who are now employed as operators in the "wire" companies are getting the wireless fever. Many are experimenting with home made apparatus, while others besiege the commercial wireless companies for jobs.

The manager of one Chicago station says he has had to refuse a number of women applicants in the last few months. "They come," he says, "with only a smattering of the knowledge necessary, and are indignant when refused jobs as operators. Even the few who have acquired sufficient skill I will not employ because they are too prone to be temperamental and under the tension which the operators' work would acquire 'nerves' too quickly."

"There is perhaps only one woman who is a wireless operator on a boat. She is one of the Pacific boats running between San Francisco and Seattle."

Making a Railway Man Work.

E. J. Naylor, general agent of the Hawley lines, at Los Angeles, was in the city last week on business, and while on his way to the Flood building Thursday left his suitcase in the office of the Canadian Pacific.

The boys in the office loaded it with lead pipe, and when Naylor got the suitcase later in the afternoon and walked with it to the Manx hotel nearly every railroad man on the row walked behind and watched the struggle.

"Gee, I only got about two collars and three ties in this, but it is heavy!" he said when he was about three blocks from the Manx.

"Well, it gets heavier the longer you pack it," volunteered J. R. Holcomb of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient.

Naylor didn't open the grip until the next day, and since that time he has been looking for the Canadian Pacific agents with a piece of lead pipe in his hand.—San Francisco Call.

Emigration of Children From England.

The other day two large parties of children left Liverpool by the Allan liner Corsican, Captain Cook, for Quebec, says the London Times. One party, consisting of boys and girls, was from the Birt home, and the children were under the care of Miss Birt, who traveled to the ship. This lady has been engaged for 37 years in rescuing children and has taken out over 6,000 and settled them in the Dominion of Canada. The party in the Corsican was the eighty-first which has gone out under the auspices of the home.

ANSWERED THE LETTER.

A Politician Won a Bet That American Statesmen Reply to Courteous Letters From the Humblest Citizens.

There is, or was a few years ago, a neatly framed letter hanging in the consulting room of a Brooklyn doctor which he found in his mail one winter morning. It ran as follows:

Princeton, Jan. 12, 1898. Dear Sir—I cheerfully accede to your request and acknowledge the compliment paid to my wife and daughter by bestowing their names upon your own twin daughters, and I hope these children may be spared to be of constant comfort to their parents. Sincerely yours, GROVER CLEVELAND.

The young doctor's brain whirled. Being a bachelor and having no acquaintance with the former president, he could not understand it at all.

The mystery was solved when a friend of the doctor's, a Brooklyn politician, met him. The politician had made a bet with a cynical acquaintance that any American statesman would personally reply to a courteous letter from the humblest of his countrymen.

The cynic took him up and named Grover Cleveland. The terms of the bet were that the answer to a letter mailed on Jan. 3 must be received before Jan. 25. Signing the young doctor's name, the politician wrote of how his marriage had been blessed by twin daughters. Would it be asking too much for an autograph letter to frame which the sweet twins could look upon and read when they grew up and cherish ever afterward?

Mr. Cleveland courteously and promptly answered the letter, and the politician won his bet.—New York Tribune.

Life.

Correct Spelling.

There Was a Time When It Was Not Considered Important.

The art of spelling words correctly is of comparatively recent repute. Time was when men and women did not care, but wrote ahead without regard to strict orthography. Mme. de Sevigne, for instance, never learned the proper way to write her name, while it was remarked by Mme. de Maintenon that at the College of St. Cyr much precious time was wasted in learning how to spell.

It remained, however, for the Empress Eugenie in 1808 at Compiene to put to a practical test the spelling standard which obtained even among the highest literary authorities. Thus under the pretext of a theme proposed to them for an examination a number of French academicians took down from dictation a composition by Prosper Merimee. Not one "immortal" wrote without mistake.

As to the empress, she could not understand so many faults being made until it was conveyed to her that she herself from the same dictation was responsible for no less than ninety. The emperor, again, made sixty. It is but fair to add, however, that the dictation was compiled expressly with a view to focusing the difficulties not only of spelling, but grammar.—Harper's Weekly.

A Versatile Parisian.

A quaint Parisian character was Mlle. Montanier, an actress, who, while on the stage one night, heard Marie Antoinette say, "How good that cabbage soup they are eating smells!"

The actress took a bowl round to the royal box and that night supped with Marie Antoinette, an honor to which the highest nobles in France dared not aspire, thence in due course becoming manager of the fetes at Versailles.

Later she was a sort of queen of the Palais Royal and sent to the war a band of actors who performed farces between two battles. She obtained 8,000,000 francs from the revolutionary government, almost married Napoleon—or so Barras said—and had her last love affair when she was eighty-five. When she died she bequeathed all her creditors to the king of France.

A Heroic Slave.

There was a humble slave in the palace of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid. The caliph had in his audience chamber twenty rare vases, and it was written in the laws of Bagdad that he who should have the misfortune to break one of these would pay the penalty with his life. This slave one day broke a vase. He was instantly seized, tried and condemned to death. But the caliph had no sooner pronounced sentence on him than the slave turned, and, walking calmly to the other nineteen vases, with one sweep of the arm destroyed them all.

"Wretch," the caliph thundered, "why have you done that barbarous deed?"

"To save the lives of nineteen of my fellow countrymen," the doomed slave replied.

Munich an Artistic Leader.

Munich is in great part a creation of the nineteenth century. Yet when one sees how artfully and lovingly she has woven the new about whatever remains of the old it is easy to understand why she has been Germany's artistic leader for the last hundred years and why such geniuses as Lenbach, von Uhde, Schwanthaler, Orlando di Lasso and Richard Strauss have felt at home there.—Robert Haven Schuchler in Century.

The Desire For Appearance.

The Village Grocer (peevishly)—Look here, Aaron! What makes you put the big apples in the top of the bar? The Honest Farmer (cheerily)—What makes you comb that long scalp lock over your bald spot?—Puck.

Paid.

Miss Belle (warningly)—Sally, they used to tell me when I was a little girl that if I did not let coffee alone it would make me foolish. Sally (who owes her one)—Well, why didn't you?

Life.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.

ROYAL MAIDS.

It Is They Who Must Always Do the Proposing When They Wish to Marry.

When a reigning queen is to be married she must be the one to broach the subject first to her future consort. The same rule holds good with regard to all royal ladies who marry commoners.

The late Queen Victoria has told how she managed to "put the question" to Prince Albert—how she first showed him Windsor and its beauties and the distant landscape and then said, "All this may be yours." The queen of Holland on a like occasion simply sent a sprig of white heather, begging Prince Henry to look out its meaning in a book of flowers and their meanings.

The Duchess of Argyll took the following means of proposing to the Marquis of Lorne: She was about to attend a state ball and gave it out that she would choose as her partner for the first dance the man she intended to honor. She selected the marquis, who subsequently became her husband.

But perhaps the most interesting of all ways chosen was that of the Duchess of Fife. She took the earl, as he then was, to a drawer and showed him its contents. There he saw a number of trifles he had given her at different times, including sprigs of several kinds of flowers, now dead, he had picked for her at various times. He was much impressed at the sight, nor did it require words on her part to make her meaning plain.—London Answers.

Life.

Adenoids.

The Way These Growths Endanger the Health of Children.

Adenoids are curious little cauliflower-like growths which appear at the junction of the nasal cavity and the pharynx. They are often observed at birth, but they seldom cause discomfort until some months later. Then they interfere with respiration and cause the baby to be restless. It tosses in its sleep and wakens suddenly, crying out as if in distress.

If adenoids are permitted to remain they deform the mouth, teeth, throat, chest and face. At their worst they produce pop eyes and what is called a frog face. They cause mouth breathing, with all its attendant evils. They open the way for a hundred and one ills, from rupture of the eardrum, running from the ears, coughs and tonsillitis to pulmonary tuberculosis.

A slight operation suffices to remove them. The baby suffers little pain and loses little blood. Out they come, and with them the overgrown tonsils that commonly accompany them. If they are suffered to remain they may never be discovered. But it is certain that in one way or another, directly or indirectly, they will cause damage.—Dr. Leonard Keene Hirschberg in Delinestator.

Yarmouth's Narrow Street.

Kitty Witches row, Great Yarmouth, can justly claim to be the narrowest street in the world, the entrance at one end being only twenty-nine inches and at the other fifty-six inches. It gives some idea of the width when one mentions that neighbors can shake hands and put out each other's candles across the street! Why these rows have been so constructed has given rise to a good deal of discussion. Some writers give the reason that when there was a very high tide the water might flow through them; others, in the event of an invasion they would prove an excellent means of defense or that the ground plans of the rows were suggested by the fishermen's nets, which, spread on the dunes to dry, had a narrow pathway left between them, which represented the rows. Yarmouth has 145 rows, and their total length exceeds seven miles. Kitty Witches being the most interesting and the narrowest of all.

How Faraday Refused a Pension.

Lord Melbourne once announced to Faraday that it was his pleasing duty to offer him a pension, but, he added, "I suppose all science is humbug."

Faraday at once replied, "If that is your opinion, my lord, I decline the pension," and retired. Melbourne, on meeting some of his colleagues, said: "I have had a strange thing happen. A man has declined a pension." But these gentlemen knew Faraday's position and reputation better than the premier and urged him to rectify the blunder. Faraday was again interviewed, but Melbourne was obliged to retract and apologize before the pension was accepted.

London Snowstorms.

The purifying effect of a snowstorm on city air was shown in London by experiments which demonstrated five times the amount of impurities on week days, when all the factories are active, as on Sundays. It was figured out that nevertheless a single Sunday snowstorm carried to the surface of the county of London 75 tons of dissolved solids, 142 tons of suspended matters, 100 tons of coal, 25 tons of salt and a ton of ammonia.—London Chronicle.

A Sudden Start.

"You used to go to school with Copers, the new millionaire, didn't you?" "I did. Fact is, I gave him his first start in life."

"How?"

"With a bent pin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

On His Birthday.

He—The worst thing about me is my nose. I've got such a beastly one. She—You shouldn't say such things about a gift. He—A gift? I—ab—don't understand. She—Wasn't it a birthday present?—New York Journal.

Life.

Wherever we meet misery we owe pity.—Dryden.